R. Pollard Sculp.

London Published May 14 1799 by J. & A. Arch & J. Mathews.

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SPARE MINUTES:

OR

RESOLVED MEDITATIONS,

AND

PREMEDITATED RESOLUTIONS.

Written by ARTHUR WARWICK.

——— Ego cur acquirere pauca
Si possim invidear?

London,

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1799.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT may be neceſſary to inform the Reader, that the following Work is printed from a ſeventh *edition, publiſhed in the year* 1640. *It is thought not unworthy of being again brought forward to public notice, as it contains much ſolid inſtruction, conveyed in a ſtriking and ſingular manner.*

Alterations are made in the Orthography, but the ſtyle is nearly kept to; and throughout the whole, care has been taken to admit no further deviation than ſeemed neceſſary to render the ſenſe clear, and to diveſt it of ſuch parts as were leſs likely to pleaſe, in an age of greater refinement.

* * * *

THE MIND OF THE FRONTISPIECE.

Death puff'd this *Light*; and his Earth-baniſh'd Flame
Flew up to Heav'n, and ſo a *Star* became.
Death crop'd this *Roſe buſh*, and the Roſes were
Snatch'd up to Heav'n, and made a *Garland* there:
But here's a *Monument*, that ſhall ſtand faſt,
When Fate ſhall want a *Knife*, and Death a *Blaſt*:
This ever ſhall keep freſh his *Urn*, his *Name*,
Till *Flow'rs* forget to breathe, and *Fire* to flame.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL, MY MUCH HONOURED FRIEND, SIR WILLIAM DODINGTON, KNT.

ALL HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

Right Worſhipful,

I will not make an over large gate to my little City: a ſhort Epiſtle beſt ſuits with ſo ſmall a volume, and both fitly reſemble your knowledge of me and mine acquaintance with you, ſhort and ſmall: But a mite freely given makes a poor widow liberal: and in this preſent, poor, like my abilities, is a thankfulneſs, infinite, like your deſervings. To ſpeak much, might be thought flattery; to ſay nothing, would be known ingratitude: I muſt therefore be ſhort, I may not be

be ſilent. The happy fortune of my tongue hath encouraged my pen ; and I humbly crave in the one, what I favourably found in the other, a courteous acceptance : which if you pleaſe to add to your former favours and my happineſs, I ſhall have juſt cauſe to reſt,

Your Worſhip's truly devoted,

ARTHUR WARWICK.

RESOLVED
MEDITATIONS
AND
PREMEDITATED
RESOLUTIONS.

IT is the over curious ambition of many to be beſt or to be none; if they may not do ſo well as they would, they will not do ſo well as they may. I will do my beſt to do the beſt, and what I want in power, ſupply in will. Thus whilſt I pay in part, I ſhall not be a debtor for all. He owes moſt that pays nothing.

Pride is the greateſt enemy to reaſon, and diſcretion the greateſt oppoſite to pride: For whilſt wiſdom makes art the ape of nature, pride makes nature the ape of art. The wiſe man ſhapes his apparel to his body, the proud man ſhapes his body by his apparel. 'Tis no marvel then, if he know not himſelf, when he is not to day like him he was yeſterday; and leſs marvel if good men will not know him, when he forgets himſelf, and all goodneſs. I ſhould fear whilſt I thus change my ſhape, leſt my Maker ſhould change his opinion; and finding me not like him he made me, reject me as none of his making. I would any day put off the old cauſe of my apparel, but not every day put on new

new faſhioned apparel: I ſee great reaſon to be aſhamed of my pride, but no reaſon to be proud of my ſhame.

* * * *

The reaſon that many men want their deſires, is, becauſe their deſires want reaſon. He may do what he will, that will do but what he may.

* * * *

I ſhould marvel that the covetous man can ſtill be poor, when the rich man is ſtill covetous; but that I ſee a poor man can be content, when the contented man alone is rich: the one wanting in his ſtore, whilſt the other is ſtored in his

wants. I ſee then, we are not rich or poor, by what we poſſeſs, but by what we deſire. For he is not rich that hath much, but he that hath enough; nor he poor that hath little, but he that wants more. If God then make me rich by ſtore, I will not impoveriſh myſelf by covetouſneſs; but if he make me poor by want, I will enrich myſelf by content.

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Hypocriſy deſires to ſeem good rather than to be ſo; honeſty deſires to be good rather than to ſeem ſo. The worldlings purchaſe reputation by the ſale of deſert; wiſe men buy deſert, with the hazard of reputation. I would do much to hear well,

well, more to deſerve well, and rather loſe opinion than merit. It ſhall more joy me, that I know myſelf what I am, than it ſhall grieve me to hear what others report me to be: I had rather deſerve well without praiſe, than do ill with commendation.

* * * *

A Coward in the field, is like the wiſe man's fool; his heart is at his mouth, and he doth not know what he doth profeſs: but a coward in his faith, is like a fool in his wiſdom; his mouth is in his heart, and he dares not profeſs what he does know. I had rather not know the good I ſhould do, than not do the good

I know. It is better to be beaten with few ſtripes than with many.

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Each true Chriſtian is a right traveller; his life his walk, Chriſt his way, and Heaven his home: his walk painful, his way perfect, his home pleaſing. I will not loiter leſt I come ſhort of home, I will not wander leſt I come wide of home, but be content to travel hard, and be ſure I walk aright; ſo ſhall my ſafe way find its end at home, and my painful walk make my home welcome.

* * * *

As a wound is to the body, ſo is a ſinful

ſinful body to the ſoul; the body endangered till the wound be cured, the ſoul not ſound till the body's ſin be healed; and the wound of neither can be cured without dreſſing, nor dreſſed without ſmarting. Now as the ſmart of the wound is recompenſed by the cure of the body, ſo is the puniſhment of the body ſweetened by the health of the ſoul. Let my wound ſmart by dreſſing, rather than my body die; let my body ſmart by correction, rather than my ſoul periſh.

* * * *

It is ſome hope of goodneſs not to grow worſe; it is a part of badneſs not to grow better: I will take heed of quenching

quenching the ſpark, and ſtrive to kindle a fire: If I have the goodneſs I ſhould, it is not too much; why ſhould I make it leſs? If I keep the goodneſs I have, it is not enough; why do I not make it more? He never was ſo good as he ſhould be, that doth not ſtrive to be better than he is: he never will be better than he is, that doth not fear to be worſe than he was.

* * * *

Health may be enjoyed; ſickneſs muſt be endured; one body is the object of both, one God the author of both: If then he give me health, I will thankfully enjoy it, and not think it too good, ſince

it

it is his mercy that beſtows it; if he ſend ſickneſs, I will patiently endure it, and not think it too great, ſince it is my ſin that deſerves it. If in health, I will ſtrive to preſerve it by praiſing him; if in ſickneſs I will ſtrive to remove it by praying to him. He ſhall be my God in ſickneſs and in health, and my truſt ſhall be in him in health and in ſickneſs. So in my health I will not need to fear ſickneſs, nor in any ſickneſs deſpair of health.

* * * *

It is the uſual plea of poverty to blame misfortune, when the ill finiſhed cauſe of complaint is a work of their own forging.

forging. I will either make my fortunes good, or be content they are no worſe. If they are not ſo good as I would they ſhould have been, they are not ſo bad as I know they might have been; What though I am not ſo happy as I deſire? It is well I am not as wretched as I deſerve.

* * * *

There is nothing to be got by the world's love, nothing to be loſt (but its love) by its hate. Why then ſhould I ſeek that love that cannot profit me, or fear that malice that cannot hurt me? If I ſhould love it, for loving me; God would hate me, for loving it. If I loathe it

it for hating me, it cannot hurt me for loathing it. Let it then hate me, and I will forgive it; but if it love me, I will never requite it. For ſince its love is hurtful, and its hate harmleſs, I will contemn its hate, and hate its love.

* * * *

As there is a folly in wit, ſo there is a wiſdom in ignorance. I would not be ignorant in a neceſſary knowledge, nor wiſe above wiſdom: if I know enough, I am wiſe enough; if I ſeek more, I am fooliſh.

* * * *

It is no marvel that man hath loſt his rule

rule over the creature, when he would not be ruled by the will of the Creator: Why ſhould they fear man, when man would not obey God? I could wiſh no creature had power to hurt me, I am glad ſo many creatures are ordained to help me. If God allow enough to ſerve me, I will not expect that all ſhould fear me.

* * * *

No affliction (for the time) ſeems joyous, all time in affliction ſeems tedious. I will compare my miſeries on earth with my joys in heaven, and their eternity with the length of my miſeries, ſo ſhall my journey ſeem ſhort, and my burden eaſy.

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There

There is nothing more certain than death, nothing more uncertain than the time of dying; I will therefore be prepared for that at all times, which may come at any time, muſt come at one time or another. I ſhall not haſten my death by being always ready, but ſweeten it; it makes me not die the ſooner, but the better.

* * * *

The commendation of a bad thing, is its ſhortneſs; of a good thing its continuance. It were happy for the wicked if their torments knew end, it is happy for ſaints that their joys are eternal. If man that is born of a woman, be full of miſery, 'tis well that he hath but a ſhort

time to live: if his life be a walk of pain, 'tis a bleſſing that his days are but a ſpan long. Happy miſeries! that end in joy; happy joys! that know no end; happy end! that diſſolves to eternity.

* * * *

Had I not more confidence in the Truth of my Saviour, than in the Traditions of men; poverty might ſtagger my faith, and bring my thoughts into a perplexed purgatory. Wherein are the poor bleſſed, if pardon ſhall be purchaſed only by expenſe? Or how is it hard for a rich man to enter into heaven, if money may buy out the paſt, preſent and future ſins of himſelf, his deceaſed and ſucceeding

ſucceeding progeny? If heaven be thus ſold, what benefit has my poverty, by the price already paid? I find no happineſs in room on earth, 'tis happineſs for me to have room in heaven.

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There is no ſtate of life ſo happy in this world, as to yield a chriſtian the perfection of content; and yet there is no ſtate of life ſo wretched in this world, but a chriſtian muſt be content with it. Though I may have nothing here that can give me true content, yet I will learn to be truly contented here with what I have. What care I, though I have not much: I have as much as I deſire, if I

have as much as I want; and I have as much as the moſt, if I have as much as I deſire.

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It is the greateſt of all ſins always to continue in ſin. For where the cuſtom of ſinning waxeth greater, the conſcience for ſin grows the leſs: it is eaſier to quench a ſpark than a fire: I had rather break the Cockatrice's egg, than kill the Serpent. O daughter of Babylon, happy ſhall he be that taketh thy children whilſt they are young, and daſheth them againſt the ſtones!

* * * *

Nature

Nature bids me love myſelf and hate all that hurt me: Reaſon bids me love my friends and hate thoſe that envy me, Religion bids me love all and hate none: Nature ſhoweth care, Reaſon wit, Religion love: Nature may induce me, Reaſon perſuade me, but Religion ſhall rule me: I will hearken to Nature in much, to Reaſon in more, to Religion in all: Nature ſhall make me careful of myſelf, but hateful to none; Reaſon ſhall make me wiſe for myſelf, but harmleſs to all; Religion ſhall make me loving to all, but not careleſs of myſelf. I may hear the former, I will hearken only to the latter: I ſubſcribe to ſome things in all, to all things in Religion.

Abundance is a trouble, want a miſery, honour a burden, baſeneſs a ſcorn, advancement dangerous, diſgrace odious: A competent eſtate alone yields the quiet of content. I will not climb, leſt I fall; nor lie on the ground, leſt I be trodden upon; I am ſafeſt whilſt my legs bear me: A competent heat is moſt healthful for my body; I would deſire neither to freeze nor to burn.

* * * *

A large promiſe without performance, is like a falſe fire to a great piece, which diſchargeth a good expectation with a bad report. I will fore-think what I will promiſe, that I may promiſe but that

that I will do. Thus whilſt my words are led by my thoughts, and followed by my actions, I ſhall be careful in my promiſes, and juſt in their performance. I had rather do and not promiſe, than promiſe and not do.

* * * *

The good meaner hath two tongues, the hypocrite a double tongue: the good man's heart ſpeaks without his tongue, the hypocrite's tongue without his heart: the good man hath oftentimes God in his heart, when in his mouth there is no God mentioned; the hypocrite hath God often in his mouth, when the fool hath ſaid in his heart "there is no God." I may ſooneſt hear the

the tongue, but ſafeſt the heart; the tongue ſpeaketh loudeſt, but the heart trueſt.

* * * *

The ſpeech of the tongue is beſt known to men; God beſt underſtands the language of the heart: the heart without the tongue may pierce the ears of heaven; the tongue without the heart ſpeaks an unknown language. No marvel then if the deſires of the poor are heard, when the prayers of the wicked are unregarded. I had rather ſpeak three words in a ſpeech that God knows, than pray three hours in a language that he underſtands not.

If I meditate what is good to be done, and do not the good I have meditated, I loſe my labour, and make curſed my knowledge. If I do the thing that is good, and intend not that good that I do, it is a good action but not well done; others may enjoy ſome benefit, I deſerve no commendation. Reſolution without action is a ſlothful folly; action without reſolution is a fooliſh raſhneſs. Firſt know what is good to be done, then do that good being known. If forecaſt be not better than labour, labour is not good without forecaſt. I would not have my actions done without knowledge, nor againſt it.

* * * *

It is the folly of affection not to reprehend my erring friend for fear of his anger; it is the abſtract of folly to be angry with my friend for my error's reprehenſion: I were not a friend if I ſhould ſee my friend out of the way, and not adviſe him; I were unworthy to have a friend, if he ſhould adviſe me, being out of the way, and I be angry with him. Rather let me have my friend's anger than deſerve it; rather let the righteous ſmite me friendly by reproof, than the precious oil of flattery or connivance, deſtroy me. It is a folly to fly ill will, by giving a juſt cauſe of hatred; I think him a truer friend that deſerves my love, than he that deſires it.

When

When children meet with primroſes, nuts, or apples in their way, I ſee thoſe pleaſures are oft-times occaſions to make them loiter in their errands; ſo that they are ſure to have their parents diſpleaſure; and oft-times their late return finds a barred entrance to their home; whereas thoſe who meet with dangers in the way, make haſte in their journey, and their ſpeed makes them welcomed with commendation. Nature hath ſent me abroad into the world, and I am every day travelling homeward: if I meet with ſtore of miſeries in my way, diſcretion ſhall teach me a religious haſte in my journey; and if I meet with pleaſures, they ſhall pleaſe me only by putting me in mind of my

pleaſures

pleaſures at home; which ſhall teach me to ſcorn theſe as worſe than trifles. I will never more reckon a troubleſome life a curſe but a bleſſing. A pleaſant journey is dear bought with the loſs of home.

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When I ſee the fiſher bait his hook, I think on Satan's ſubtle malice, who ſugars over his poiſoned hooks with ſeeming pleaſures. Thus Eve's apple was candied with divine knowledge, "ye ſhall be as Gods, knowing good and evil." When I ſee the fiſh faſt hooked, I think upon the covetous worlding, who leaps at the profit without conſider-

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ing the danger: Thus Achan takes the gold and the garment and never conſiders that his life muſt anſwer for it. If Satan be ſuch a fiſher of men, it is good to look before we leap. Honey may be eaten, ſo that we take heed of the ſting: I will honeſtly enjoy my delights, but not buy them with danger.

* * * *

I ſee when I have but a ſhort journey to travel, I am quickly at home; ſoon out of the pain of my travel; ſoon in the poſſeſſion of my reſt. If my life be but my walk, and heaven my home, why ſhould I deſire a long journey? Indeed knowing my home ſo pleaſant, I would

not be weary with a long walk; but yet the ſhorter my journey, the ſooner my reſt.

* * * *

I cannot ſee two ſawyers work at the pit, but they put me in mind of the Phariſee and the Publican: the one caſts his eyes upwards, whilſt his actions tend to the pit; the other ſtanding with a dejected countenance, whilſt his hands and heart move upwards. It is no ſhame to make ſhow of our profeſſions, if we truly profeſs what we make ſhow of; but of the two, I had rather be good, and not ſeem ſo; than ſeem good, and not be ſo. The Publican went home to his

his houſe, rather juſtified than the Phariſee.

* * * *

When I think of the eagle's carrying up the ſhell-fiſh into the air, only to the end he may break it by its fall; it puts me in mind of the devil's coſtly courteſies; who out of the bounty of his ſubtilty, is ever ready to advance us to deſtruction: Thus more than once he dealt with my Redeemer; no ſooner had he raiſed him to the top of a high pinnacle, but ſtraight follows, "caſt thyſelf down;" and having placed him on a high mountain, let him fall down: and he ſhall be largely rewarded with his own. If ad-

vancement be ſo dangerous, I will take heed of being ambitious. Any eſtate ſhall give me content: I am high enough if I can ſtand upright.

* * * *

When I ſee leaves drop from the trees, in the beginning of Autumn; juſt ſuch, think I, is the friendſhip of the world. Whilſt the ſap of maintenance laſts, my friends ſwarm in abundance; but in the winter of my need, they leave me naked. He is a happy man that hath a true friend at his need; but he his more truly happy that hath no need of his friend.

* * * *

I ſhould

I ſhould wonder that the inſatiable deſires of ambition can find no degree of content, but that I ſee they ſeek a perfection of honour on earth, when the fulneſs of glory is only in heaven. The honour on earth is full of degrees, but no degree admits a perfection; Whereas the glory of heaven admits of degrees, but each degree affords a fulneſs: Here one may be lower than another in honour, and yet the higheſt want a glory; there, though one ſtar differs from another in glory, yet in the fulneſs of glory they all ſhine as ſtars: Here the greateſt may want; there the leaſt hath enough: Here all the earth may not be enough for one; there one heaven is enough for

all. Lord! let me rather be leaſt there, without honour here; than the greateſt here, without glory there. I had rather be a door-keeper in that houſe, than a ruler in theſe tents.

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When I ſee the heavenly ſun buried under the earth in the evening of the day, and in the morning find a reſurrection to his glory; why, think I, may not the ſons of heaven, buried in the earth in the evening of their days, expect the morning of their glorious reſurrection? Each night is but the paſt day's funeral, and the morning its reſurrection: why then ſhould our funeral ſleep be other than

than our ſleep at night? Why ſhould we not as well awake to our reſurrection, as in the morning? I ſee night is rather an intermiſſion of day, than a deprivation; and death rather borrows our life of us, than robs us of it. Since then the glory of the ſun finds a reſurrection, why ſhould not the ſons of glory? Since a dead man may live again, I will not ſo much look for an end of my life, as wait for the coming of my change.

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I ſee that candle yields me ſmall benefit in the day, which at night much ſteads me; and I know the cauſe is not becauſe the candle's light is leſs in the day

day, but becauſe the day's light is leſs in the evening. As my friend's love to me, ſo mine to my friend may be at all times alike; but we beſt ſee it, when we moſt need it; and that, not becauſe our love is then greater, but our want. Though I then welcome a courteſy according to my want, yet I will value a courteſy according to its worth. That my fortunes need not my friend's courteſy, is my happineſs; ſhould my happineſs ſlight my friend's courteſy, it were my folly.

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I ſee that candle makes ſmall ſhow in the day, which at night yields a glorious luſtre;

luſtre; not becauſe the candle has then more light, but becauſe the air hath then more darkneſs. How prejudicial then is that ambition, which makes me ſeem leſs than I am, by preſuming to make me greater than I ſhould be. They whoſe glory ſhines as the ſparks amongſt ſtubble, loſe their light, if compared to the Son of Glory. I will not ſeat myſelf higher than my place, leſt I ſhould be diſgraced to a humility; but if I place myſelf lower than my ſeat, I may be advanced to the honour of "Friend, ſit up higher." I had rather be exalted by my humility, than be brought low by my exaltation.

* * * *

I ſee

I ſee that candle, which as a ſun in the darkneſs, is but a darkneſs in the ſun; the candle not more enlightening the night's darkneſs, than the ſun darkening the candle's light. I will take heed then of contention, eſpecially with great ones; as I may be too ſtrong for the weaker, ſo I muſt be too weak for the ſtronger: I cannot ſo eaſily vanquiſh my inferiors, but my ſuperiors may as eaſily conquer me. I will do much to be at peace with all men, but ſuffer much ere I contend with a mighty man.

* * * *

I ſee when I follow my ſhadow it flies me, when I fly my ſhadow it follows

lows me: I know pleaſures are but ſhadows, which hold no longer than the ſun-ſhine of my fortunes. Leſt then my pleaſures ſhould forſake me, I will forſake them. Pleaſure moſt flies me when I moſt follow it.

* * * *

It is not good to ſpeak evil of all whom we know to be bad; it is worſe to judge evil of any, who may prove good. To ſpeak ill upon knowledge ſhows a want of charity; to ſpeak ill upon ſuſpicion ſhows a want of honeſty. I will not ſpeak ſo bad as I know of many; I will not ſpeak worſe than I know of any. To know evil of others,

and

and not ſpeak it, is ſometimes diſcretion: to ſpeak evil of others, and not know it, is always diſhoneſty. He may be evil himſelf who ſpeaks good of others upon knowledge; but he can never be good himſelf, who ſpeaks evil of others upon ſuſpicion.

* * * *

A bad great one is a great bad one; for the greatneſs of an evil man, makes the man's evil the greater. It is the unhappy privilege of authority, not ſo much to act, as teach wickedneſs; and by a liberal cruelty, to make the offender's ſin no more his own than others. Each fault in a leader is not ſo much a crime

crime, as a rule for error; and their vices are made, if not warrants, yet precedents for evil. To ſin by preſcription, is as uſual as dangerous; and men run poſt in their journey, when they go to the devil with authority. When the vices of the rulers of others are made the rules for vices to others, the offences of all great ones muſt needs be the greateſt of all offences. Either then let me be great in goodneſs, or elſe it were good for me to be without greatneſs. My own ſins are a burden too heavy for me, why then ſhould I load myſelf with other's offences.

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To ſpeak all that is true, is the property of fools; to ſpeak more than is true, is the folly of too many. He that ſpends all that is his own, is an unthrifty prodigal; he that ſpends more than his own, is a diſhoneſt unthrift. I may ſometimes know what I will not utter, I muſt never utter what I do not know. I ſhould be loth to have my tongue ſo large as my heart, I would ſcorn to have my heart leſs than my tongue. For if to ſpeak all that I know, ſhows too much folly; to ſpeak more than I know, ſhews too little honeſty.

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It is the ambitious folly of too many,

to

to imitate rather greatneſs than goodneſs; They will ſooner follow the example of their earthly lord, than the precepts of their God. I will always honour greatneſs, I will only imitate goodneſs; and rather do good without a pattern, than commit evil in imitation. It is better to be ſaved without a precedent, than to be damned by example.

There is no ſecurity in evil ſociety, where the good are often made worſe, the bad ſeldom better. For it is the peeviſh induſtry of wickedneſs to find or make a fellow; they are like to be birds of a feather, that uſe to flock together: for ſuch doth their converſation commonly make us, as they are with whom we are

uſed to converſe. I cannot be certain, not to meet with evil company, but I will be careful not to keep with evil company: I would willingly ſort myſelf with ſuch, as ſhould either teach or learn goodneſs; and if my companion cannot make me better, nor I make him good; I will rather leave him ill, than he ſhall make me worſe.

* * * *

To teach goodneſs is the greateſt praiſe; to learn goodneſs, the greateſt profit: though he be wiſeſt that can teach, yet he that doth learn is wiſer: I will not therefore be unwilling to teach, nor aſhamed to learn. I cannot

not be ſo ignorant, but I may teach ſomewhat, nor ſo wiſe but I may learn more: I will therefore teach what I know, and learn what I know not. Though it be a greater praiſe to teach than to learn, yet it is a leſs ſhame to learn than to be ignorant.

* * * *

As there is a miſery in want, ſo there is a danger in exceſs; I would therefore deſire neither more nor leſs than enough.

* * * *

It is the apiſh nature of many, to follow example rather than precept; but it would be the ſafeſt courſe of all to learn by

precept rather than by example; for there is many a divine that does not learn his own teaching: It is eaſier to ſay, this do, than to do it; when therefore I ſee good doctrine with an evil life, I may pity the one, but I will practiſe only the other: The good ſayings belong to all, the evil actions only to their authors.

* * * *

There are two things neceſſary for a traveller, to bring him to the end of his journey; a knowledge of his way, and a perſeverance in his walk: If he walk in a wrong way, the faſter he goes the further he is from home: if he ſit ſtill in a right way, he may know his home

home, but never come to it. Diſcreet ſtays make ſpeedy journeys: I will firſt then know my way, ere I begin my walk; the knowledge of my way is a good part of my journey. He that faints in the execution, looſeth the glory of the action; I will therefore not only know my way, but alſo go on in my way: I had rather my journey ſhould want a beginning, than come to an untimely end. If Heaven be my home and Chriſt my way; I will learn to know my way, ere I haſte to travel to my home. He that runs haſtily in a way he knows not, may come ſpeedily to a home he loves not. If Chriſt be my way, and Heaven my home, I will rather endure my painful walk, than

than want my perfect reſt. I more eſteem my home than my journey; my actions ſhall be led by knowledge; my knowledge be followed by my actions. Ignorance is a bad mother to devotion, and idleneſs a bad ſteward to knowledge.

* * * *

I cannot but wonder at the folly of thoſe hearts, who are likely to kill themſelves with the fear of dying; making the news of an enſuing miſchief, a worſe miſchief than that they have news of: whereas the fore-knowledge of an approaching evil is a benefit of no ſmall good: for if it cannot teach us to prevent it by providence, it may ſhow us how to ſuſtain it by patience. I may grieve with the

ſmart

ſmart of an evil as ſoon as I feel it; but I will not ſmart with the grief of an evil as ſoon as I hear of it. My evil when it cometh, may make my grief too great; why then ſhould my grief before it comes, make my evil greater?

* * * *

As I ſee in the body, ſo I know in the ſoul, they are often moſt deſperately ſick, who are leaſt ſenſible of their diſeaſe; whereas he that fears each ſlight wound as mortal, ſeeks a timely cure, and is healed. I will not reckon it my happineſs, that I have many ſores; but ſince I have them, I am glad they grieve me. I know the cure is not the more dangerous

gerous, becauſe my wounds are more grievous; I ſhould be more ſick if I complained leſs.

* * * *

It is not one of the leaſt of evils, not to avoid the appearance of evil; which often makes the innocent juſtly puniſhed with undeſerved ſuſpicion. I would deſire to be thought good, but yet I had rather be ſo. It is no ſmall happineſs to be free from ſuſpicion, but a greater to be void of offence. I would willingly be neither evil nor ſuſpected: but of the two, I had rather be ſuſpected and not deſerve it, than be evil and not be ſuſpected.

* * * *

I know but one way to heaven; I have but one Mediator in heaven, even one Chriſt; and yet I hear of more ways, more Mediators. Are there then more Chriſts? Are the Lord's ways as your ways, that we muſt go to the King of heaven as unto a king on earth? Or if we muſt, yet if my king bid me come, ſhall I ſend another? If he bid me come unto him, ſhall I go unto another? If he bid me aſk for peace only in the name of the Prince of peace, why ſhould I mention the Lady Mary? If I ſhall be heard only in the name of his Son, why ſhould I uſe the name of his ſervants? were it a want of manners, or a want of obedience to come when I am bid? Is another bet-

ter, or am I too good to go on my own errands to the Almighty? Becauſe the Son was worſe uſed than the ſervants on earth, ſhall the ſervants therefore be ſooner heard than the Son in heaven? There are ſtill unjuſt huſbandmen in the Lords vine-yard, who not only abuſe the ſervants, but again kill the Son, and rob him of his due inheritance. When the Lord, therefore, of the vine-yard cometh, what will he do to theſe huſbandmen? I do not envy your glory, ye ſaints of God; yet I will not attribute the glory of my God to his ſaints. How ſhall my God glorify me, if I ſhould give his glory to another?

* * * *

To

To be without paſſion is worſe than a beaſt, to be without reaſon is to be leſs than a man: ſince I can be without neither, I am bleſſed in that I have both. For if it be not againſt reaſon to be paſſionate, I will not be paſſionate againſt reaſon; I will both grieve and joy, if I have reaſon for it; but not joy nor grieve above reaſon. I will ſo joy at my good, as not to take evil by my joy: ſo grieve at any evil, as not to increaſe my evil by my grief. For it is not a folly to have paſſion, but to want reaſon. I would be neither ſenſeleſs nor beaſtly.

* * * *

It is the folly of wit in ſome, to take pains to trim their labours in obſcurity:

it is the ignorance of learning in others, to labour to divert their pain by bluntneſs; the one thinking he never ſpeaks wiſely, till he goes beyond his own, and all men's underſtanding; the other thinking he never ſpeaks plainly, till he dives beneath the ſhalloweſt apprehenſion. I as little affect curioſity in the one, as I care for the affectation of boldneſs in the other. I would not have the pearl of heaven's kingdom ſo curiouſly ſet in gold, as that the art of the workman ſhould hide the beauty of the jewel; nor yet ſo ſlightly valued, as to be ſet in lead; or ſo baſely uſed, as to be beſmeared with dirt. I know the pearl, however placed, ſtill retains its virtue; yet I had rather have it ſet in gold, than ſeek it in

a dunghill. Apparel is an ornament to the body, if neat; but a diſgrace, if either fantaſtic or ſlovenly.

* * * *

I ſee corruption ſo largely rewarded, that I doubt not but I ſhould thrive in the world, could I get but a diſpenſation of my conſcience for the liberty of trading. A little flattery would get me a great deal of favour, and I could buy a world of this world's love, with the ſale of this little trifle, honeſty. Were this world my home, I might perhaps be trading; but alas! this merchandize yields leſs than nothing in heaven. I would willingly be at quiet with the world, but rather at peace with my con-

ſcience: The love of men is good, whilſt it laſteth; the love of God is better, being everlaſting. Let me then trade for this heavenly merchandize; if I find the other in my way, it is a great deal more than I look for, and (within a little) more than I care for.

* * * *

As faith is the evidence of things not ſeen; ſo things that are ſeen are the perfecting of faith. I believe a tree will be green, when I ſee it leafleſs in winter; I know it is green when I ſee it flouriſhing in ſummer. It was a fault in Thomas not to believe till he did ſee; it were a madneſs in him not to believe when he did ſee. Belief may ſometimes exceed

exceed reaſon, not oppoſe it; and faith be often above ſenſe, not againſt it. For though I oftentimes ſee not thoſe things that I believe, yet I muſt ſtill believe thoſe things that I ſee.

* * * *

There is none ſo innocent as not to be evil ſpoken of, none ſo wicked as to want all commendation. There are too many who condemn the juſt, and not a few who juſtify the wicked. I often hear both envy and flattery ſpeaking falſhoods of myſelf to myſelf; and may not the like tongues perform the like taſks of others to others? I will know others by what they do themſelves, but not learn

myſelf by what I hear of others. I will be careful of my own actions, not credulous of others' relations.

* * * *

The croſs is but a ſign of Chriſt crucified, Chriſt crucified the ſubſtance of the croſs. The ſign without the ſubſtance is as nothing; the ſubſtance without the ſign is all things. I hate not the ſign, though I adore but the ſubſtance. I will not blaſpheme the croſs of Chriſt, I will only worſhip Chriſt crucified. I will take up my croſs, I will love my croſs, I will bear my croſs, I will embrace my croſs, yet not adore my croſs. All knees ſhall bend in reverence to his name;

name; mine never bow in idolatry to his image.

* * * *

It is the nature of man to be proud, when man by nature hath nothing to be proud of. He more adorneth the creature, than he adoreth the Creator: and makes not only his belly his god, but his body. I am aſhamed of their glory, whoſe glory is their ſhame. If nature will needs have me be proud of ſomething, I will be proud only of this, that I am proud of nothing.

* * * *

As the Giver of all things, ſo each receiver loveth a cheerful giver. For a bargain

bargain is valued by the worth of the thing bought, but a gift by the mind of the party giving: which made the widow's mite of more worth than the riches of ſuperfluity. I ſee then he gives not beſt who gives moſt; but he gives moſt who gives beſt. If then I cannot give bountifully, yet I will give freely; and what I want in my hand, ſupply by my heart. He gives well that gives willingly.

* * * *

I ſee at a feaſt, that others feed heartily on that diſh which perhaps would not ſuit with my appetite; whilſt I make as good a meal on that food that perhaps their palates

palates could not reliſh: I will not therefore think I do well becauſe my actions pleaſe not others; nor be confident that my actions are good, becauſe my doings pleaſe myſelf: but be more careful to provide what is good at a feaſt, than what is delightful; and ſtudy more to expreſs what is honeſt in my actions, than what is pleaſing. So, if ſick ſtomachs cannot reliſh my ſound meats, the fault ſhall light on their ill appetites; and if unſeaſoned judgments like not my honeſt intentions, the fault ſhall fall on their ill-reliſhed apprehenſions. I would pleaſe me well to have praiſe when I deſerve it; but joy me more to deſerve praiſe when I have it.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

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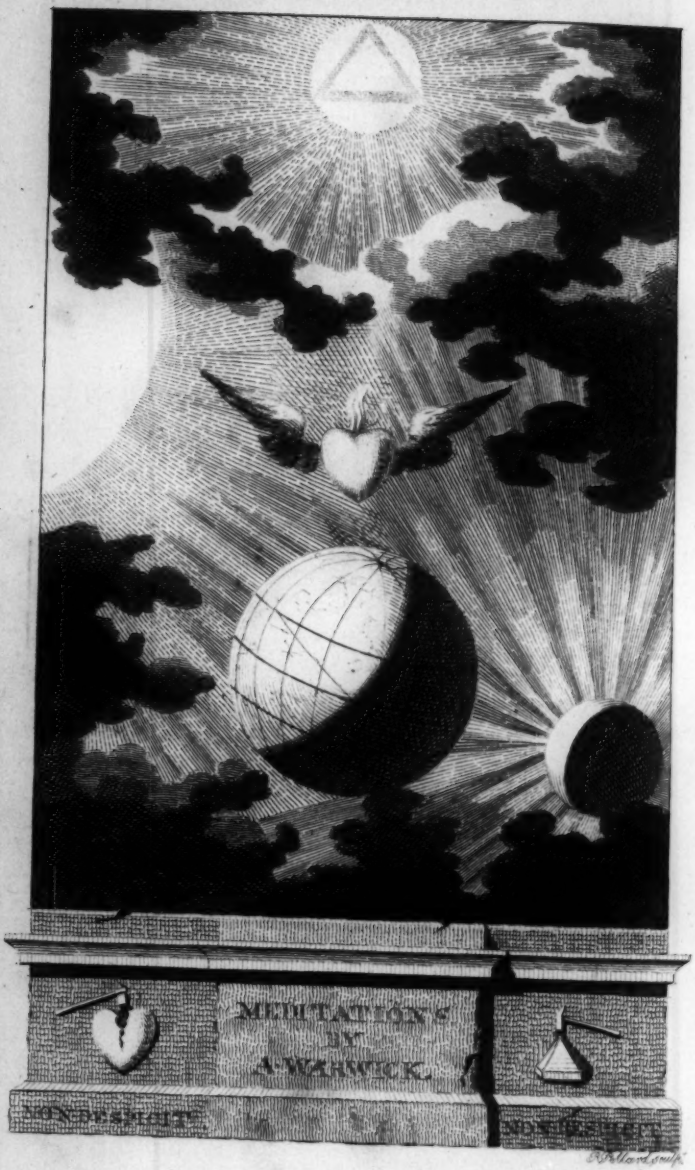

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SPARE MINUTES:

OR

RESOLVED MEDITATIONS,

AND

PREMEDITATED RESOLUTIONS.

SECOND PART.

By ARTHUR WARWICK.

A BRIEF EULOGIUM UPON THIS AUTHOR, AND HIS PIOUS MEDITATIONS; WITH ALLUSION TO THE EMBLEMATICAL FRONTISPIECE.

Inflam'd with Love, and winged with deſire,
This pious Heart, in life-time, did aſpire
Above the World; and with a true delight,
Enjoy'd the Day-time, and employ'd the Night,
In climbing nearer to that Three-in-One,
Who filleth all things, and is fill'd of none.
The Law's myſterious night, the Goſpel's day,
Afflictions moon-ſhine, and the ſunny-ray
Of proſperous hopes, did limit out that path,
Through which his Contemplation mounted hath,
And far above their ſpheres hath made him riſe,
A pleaſed and a pleaſing ſacrifice.
From out of his dead embers, raked were
A few quick ſparklings; which have kindled here
Theſe papers; and were left behind to ſhew
Which way his well-diſpoſed ſpirit flew;
And that their flame to others may derive
The light and heat of this contemplative.
Accept, as God hath done, this broken heart;
For every parcel yields from every part,
A bright reflection of his living graces,
In juſt ſo many perfect looking glaſſes
As here are pieces; and ye may by theſe,
Put on fair virtues dreſſings if you pleaſe.

GEORGE WITHER.

To the virtuous and religious Gentlewoman, my much eſteemed friend
Mrs. ANN ASHTON, *be health and happineſs here and hereafter.*

WORTHY MISTRESS,

THE acknowledgment of your favours ſhall be my meaneſt thanks, and to thank you for thoſe favours, muſt be my beſt acknowledgment: I can do no more, I will do no leſs. Nor have I any better means to ſhew my own living grateſulneſs, than by coupling it with my dead Son's thankfulneſs, and by reviving

viving his, to enliven my own; and to teſtify both to poſterity, by this ſmall memorial. Neither is it unſuitable, that his ſtudy ſhould yield ſome matter of thankfulneſs after his death, who in his life time ſtudied to be thankful to you his moſt deſerving friend; which gave me (his ſad father) a fit hint to dedicate theſe his laſt Meditations to your ſelf; to whoſe name and worth, he meditated and intended to raiſe a fairer monument had he lived: this being prevented, what remaineth but that this remnant clothe his thankfulneſs as far as it can; and ſupply the neceſſitated

defect

defect of his uneffected purpoſe? Theſe collected out of looſe papers, ſeem to be wrought in ſome ſudden temperate heat of his honeſt imagination, and hammered on the anvil of objected occaſions, and being forged roughly into theſe ſhapes, were caſt a cooling into the next paper that came to hand; and ſo wanting filing and poliſhing, muſt crave pardon for their ruder form. They aſſume their greateſt worth and value from your courteous acceptance; and account it their chiefeſt happineſs, if, for them, you

love his memory while you live, who endeavoured to make your memory out-live yourſelf. This, if you deign to do, you will much comfort the ſadneſs of

Your aſſured

and devoted friend,

ARTHUR WARWICK.

RESOLVED
MEDITATIONS
AND
PREMEDITATED
RESOLUTIONS.

WHEN a man aſcends from the ground to a higher room, I obſerve with what contempt he inſults and tramples on the ſtairs by which he riſes; and how he firſt and moſt dirts that ſtep by which he firſt ſteps from the dirt; which puts me in mind of the practice of the aſpiring ambitious; who to get up to their wiſhed height of honour, be-dirt with ſcorn,

and

and neglect thoſe, by whoſe ſhoulders they were firſt mounted and exalted. I hate that ambition which enforces ingratitude; which, being the baſeſt of vices, cannot but ſoil and diſgrace a man graced with ſuch honour. I am not prefered with honour, if I am debaſed with ingratitude.

* * * *

He that will not be perſuaded to leap down from a high chamber at once, comes willingly down by the ſtairs; and yet the declining degrees of his winding deſcent, make it not leſs downward to him, but leſs perceived by him: his leap might have brought him down ſooner,

it

it could not have brought him down lower. As I am then fearful to act great ſins, ſo I will be careful to avoid ſmall ones. He that contemns a ſmall fault, commits a great one. I ſee many drops make a ſhower, and what difference is it whether I be wet either in the rain or in the river, if both wet me to the ſkin? There is ſmall benefit in the choice, whether we go down to hell by degrees or at once.

* * * *

The gentle and harmleſs ſheep, being conſcious of their own innocency, how patiently, how quietly, do they receive the knife either on the altar, or in the ſhambles. How ſilently and undauntedly do they

they meet death, and give it entrance with ſmall reſiſtance; while the filthy loathſome ſwine roar horribly at the firſt handling, and with a hideous crying reluctancy, are haled, and held to the ſlaughter. This ſeems to me to be the caſe with wicked men, who conſcious of their filthy lives and nature, tremble at the remembrance, ſtartle at the name, and with horror roar at the approach of death: while the godly quietly yield up their lives, and make ſmall difference betwixt a natural nights ſhort ſleep, and the long ſleep of nature. I will pray not to come to an untimely violent death; I will not violently reſiſt death when it doth come. I will expect and wait my change with patience, embrace

it

it with chearfulneſs, and never fear it as a total privation.

* * * *

It is no ſmall fault to be bad, and ſeem ſo; it is a greater fault to ſeem good and not be ſo: the cloak of diſſimulation is a main part of the garment ſpotted with the fleſh. A vice thus covered is worſe than a naked offence.

* * * *

There be many that make it their glory to feed high, and fare deliciouſly every day; and to maintain their elementary bodies ſearch the elements, to maintain the fire

fire of their appetites. They that thus make their bellies their gods, do make their glory their ſhame. I diſtaſte a ſordid diet as unwholeſome; I care not to taſte and feed on variety of delicacies as unhealthy. Nature contented with a few things, is cloyed and quelled with over many: and digeſtion, her cook, employed in the concoction of ſo much variety at once, leaves the ſtomach too foul a kitchen for health to abide in. Since then ſo to feed may the ſooner end my life, and the end of my life is not ſo to feed, I will be taught by grace not to live to eat, but eat to live; and maintain health by a competent diet, not ſurfeit with exceſs.

* * * *

He

If to know the only true God, be the perfection of true wiſdom; why ſhould I ſeek a wiſdom that knoweth not God? If the wiſdom of this world be fooliſhneſs, it were a folly in me to ſtrive after it. If then I be unlearned, I will endeavour to learn to do well; if I be wiſe, what will it profit me, if it be not unto ſalvation? Knowledge may exalt me, and get me a name among men; but I muſt be humbled by wiſdom, ere my name be written in heaven. I had rather ſhine as a ſtar for ever, than blaze like a meteor for a moment. "Diſce mori mundo: vivere diſce Deo."

* * * *

He that too much admires the glory of

a Prince's court, and drawn up thither by his ambition, thinks high places to be the higheſt happineſs; let him view the foggy miſts, the moiſt vapours, and light exhalations drawn up from the earth by the attractive power of the glorious Sunbeams; which, when they are at higheſt, either ſpend themſelves there in portending meteors, to others terror, and their own conſumption; and either by reſolution are turned into rain, or by congelation into hail or ſnow; which ſinks lower into the earth at their fall than they were at their aſcending. For my part, I may admire ſuch a glowing coal, I will not with the ſatyr kiſs it. As I think it not the leaſt and laſt praiſe to pleaſe Princes, ſo I know it is not the leaſt

leaſt dangerous time to live with them;

"Procul a Jove, procul a fulmine."

He preſumes too much on his own brightneſs, that thinks to ſhine clear near the Sun; where, if his light be his own, it muſt be obſcured by compariſon; If borrowed from the Sun, then it is not his, but another's glory. A candle in the night's obſcurity, appears brighter than a torch in noon day; and Cæſar thought it a greater glory to be the firſt man in ſome obſcure town; than the ſecond man in Rome, the head city of the world.

* * * *

It is a common cuſtom, (but a wicked one) of them that are common wicked ones by cuſtom, to wound the fame, and

taint the reputation of their neighbours with ſlanders; and having no leſs impotency in their tongues, than impurity in their hearts, form both opinions and cenſures according to the mould of evil in themſelves. And this they do either like the lapwing to divert by their falſe cries the travelling ſtranger from finding the neſt of their filthineſs; or, with the curtailed Fox in the fable, to endeavour to have all Foxes curtailed; or, with the fiſh Sepia, to darken with the pitchy ink of aſperſions all the water of the neighbourhood, that ſo themſelves may eſcape the net of cenſure juſtly caſt to catch them; or elſe, to have themſelves thought as good as any other, they will not have any thought good that dwell near them. I will therefore

fore ſuſpect him as ſcarce honeſt, who would (with a ſlander) make me ſuſpect another as diſhoneſt: I will not preſently diſreſpect him as diſhoneſt, whom a wicked perſon diſhonoureth with ſuſpicion. The devil is not more malicious than a ſlanderer.

* * * *

When I ſee the Sun riſing from the eaſt in glory, like a giant ready for the courſe, and within an hour's ſpace obſcured with miſts, darkened with clouds, and ſometimes eclipſed by the moon's inferior body; and however, without theſe after noon, declining, deſcending, ſetting and buried under our horizon; I ſeem to ſee an earthly King mount-

ing his throne in glory, yet ſoon clouded with cares, and fear of dangers; ſometimes darkened in honour by the malicious envy of his ſubjects; ſometimes eclipſed in his dominions by the interpoſition of foreign powers; and however, without theſe, in a ſhort time deſcending and ſetting at the evening of his life, and ſeldom paſſing the whole day thereof in perfect continual glory. Then think I, O the odds of comfort in that heavenly and theſe earthly kingdoms! O the comfort of this odds! there each Saint is a glorious king; each king hath an incorruptible crown; each crown a boundleſs, fearleſs, endleſs kingdom. Let me ſtrive for the glory of ſuch a kingdom only, which is a kingdom of ſuch glory.

" Felices

" Felices animæ quibus hæc cognoſcere
ſola,
" Inque domos ſuperûm ſcandere, cura
fuit."

* * * *

The laws in themſelves are the ſcales of juſtice, the wronged poor man's ſhelter, the pillars of the common wealth; but the abuſed practice makes thoſe ſcales unequal, that poor man's ſhelter, a man's poor ſhelter for his wrongs. The proof if this appears with the juries at the aſſizes in their proofs; when one may often diſcern perjury uſher in the evidence to the jury, and injury follow with the verdict. I admire with reverence the juſtice and wiſdom of the laws; I deplore with

with compaſſion, the abuſed practice of the laws; and reſolve rather to bear with patience a hail-ſhower of injuries, than to ſeek ſhelter at ſuch a thicket, where the brambles may pluck off my fleece, and do me more hurt by ſcratching, than the ſtorm would have done by hailing. I care not for that phyſic where the remedy is worſe than the diſeaſe.

* * * *

How cunningly doth the prince of darkneſs take on him the form of an angel of light. How often have ſeeming ſaints proved devils; even in thoſe things moſt faulty, which they make a ſhew of being moſt free from: Some more proud of being thought plain, than a flaunting gallant

gallant in his new faſhion: Others refuſing a deſerved commendation, only with a deſire to be commended for refuſing it; The one hating pride with a more proud hatred; the other ſhunning praiſe with a greater vain glory. It is bad to have vices, worſe to diſſemble them. Plato poſſeſſed his rich bed with leſs pride than Diogenes trampled on it.

* * * *

I meet ſometimes with men whoſe crazed brains ſeem ſoldered with quick-ſilver, the ſtrain of whoſe actions runs only in odd crotchets; whoſe judgments being hood-winked with their own opinion and paſſion, admit of nought for reaſon, but what their unreaſonable ſelf-will dictates

to

to them; and then what they will do, they will do; and do it they will with that torrent of violence that overturns all obſtacles of counſel which croſs their courſes. From theſe I will learn not to make will my coachman, unleſs reaſon run before to ſhew the way: and if my actions muſt paſs by the waters of uncertain danger, of all veſſels I will not uſe the wherry. As ſloth ſeldom produceth good actions; ſo raſhneſs always deſtroys them ere well formed.

* * * *

As in virtues, he that hath one, hath all; ſo in vices, he that hath one, hath ſeldom one alone. He that will ſteal, muſt lie; and he that will ſteal and lie, will

will ſwear his lie, and ſo eaſily ſcrew himſelf up to perjury. He that will be drunk, what will he not be, when he is drunk? and being ſlipped down from the top of reaſonable ſenſe, where ſtoppeth he from tumbling down into a beaſtly ſenſuality? I will therefore give the water no paſſage, no not a little, leſt it make a breach, and that breach let in an inundation to drown the ſweet paſtures of my ſoul. I ſee the devil's claw is an entering wedge, to let in his foot; that foot, his whole body. I will be careful to ſet a watch and keep the door, that ſin may have no admittance. I cannot be too careful, ſo it be to the purpoſe; it cannot be to the purpoſe if it be too little.

* * * *

That

That the voice of the common people is the voice of God, is the common voice of the people; yet it is as falſe as it is common. Who obſerves not that the voice of the people, yea of that people that voiced themſelves the people of God, did perſecute the God of all people, with one common voice, he is worthy to die. I will not therefore ambitiouſly beg their voices for my preferment; nor weigh my worth in that uneven balance in which a feather of opinion ſhall be of moment enough to turn the ſcales, and make a light piece go current, and a current piece ſeem light.

* * * *

There are a ſort of men who are kind men to me, when they expect ſome kindneſs

neſs from me: who have their hands down to the ground in their ſalutations, when the ground of their ſalutations is to have a hand at me in ſome commodity; but their own ends once ſerved, their kindneſs hath its end at once: and then it ſeems ſtrange to me, how ſtrange they will ſeem to grow to me, as if the cauſe, their deſire, being removed, the effect, their courteſy, muſt ſtraight-way ceaſe: I will not acknowledge ſuch my friends, but their own; and whenever I ſee ſuch inſinuating palpation, I will bethink me what the authors would have of me; and with a thrifty diſcretion, rather deny ſuch their requeſts; than in a prodigal kindneſs become their friend, more than mine own.

I ſee a number of gallants every where, whoſe incomes come in yearly by ſet numbers; but run out daily, without number. I could pity the caſes of ſuch brave men, but that I ſee them ſtill in brave caſes. And when I ſee them often foxed, methinks the proverb ſuits thoſe ſuits, "what is the fox but his caſe?" I ſhould think them to be Eutrapelus' enemies, whom he cloathed richly to make them ſpend freely, and grow debauched. I will do thoſe men right and wonder at them, becauſe they deſire it. I will not wrong myſelf to envy at them, becauſe they deſerve it not, nor to pity them, becauſe they ſcorn it. I know that gorgeous apparel is an ornament to grace the court for the glory of the kingdom; but it is no ornament

ornament uſeful in the kingdom of grace, nor needful in the kingdom of glory: a rich coat may be commendable in the accidents of armory only, but it is not the only ſubſtance of a commendable gentleman. I will value the apparel by the worthineſs of the wearer; I will not value the worthineſs of the wearer, by the worth of his apparel. Adam was moſt gallantly appareled, when he was innocently naked.

* * * *

I will not much commend others to themſelves; I will not at all commend myſelf to others: To praiſe any thus to their faces, is a kind of flattery; but to praiſe myſelf to any, is the height of folly.

He that boaſts his own praiſes, ſpeaks ill of himſelf, and much derogates from his true deſerts. It is worthy of blame to affect commendation.

* * * *

When I ſee a gallant ſhip well rigged, trimmed, tackled, manned and munitioned, with her ſpread ſails proudly ſwelling with a full gale in fair weather; putting out of the haven into the ſmooth main, and drawing the ſpectator's eyes with a well-wiſhing admiration; and ſhortly hear of the ſame ſhip being ſplit againſt ſome dangerous rock, or wrecked by ſome diſaſtrous tempeſt, or ſunk by a leak ſprung in her by ſome accident; I ſeem to ſee the caſe of ſome court

court favorite, who to day, like Sejanus, dazzleth all mens' eyes with the ſplendour of his glory; and with the proud and potent prow of his powerful proſperity cutteth the waves and ploweth through the preſs of the vulgar; and ſcorneth to fear ſome remora at his keel below, or any croſs wind from above; and yet to-morrow on ſome ſtorms of unexpected disfavour, he ſprings a leak in his honor, and ſinks on the Syrtes of diſgrace; or daſhed againſt the rocks of diſpleaſure, is ſplit and wrecked in the Charibdis of infamy, and ſo concludes his voyage in miſery and misfortune. I will not therefore venture with the greedy ſhepherd to change my ſheep into a ſhip of adventure at the ſight of a calm ſea.

"Ut pelago ſuadente etiam retinacula ſolvas,"

"Multa tamen latus triſtia pontus habet."

I will ſtudy to deſerve my prince's favor; I will not deſire to be a prince's favorite. If I fall whence I am, I can raiſe myſelf; but to be caſt down thence, were to be cruſhed with a deſperate downfall. I prefer a mediocrity, though obſcure yet ſafe, before a greater eminence with a far greater danger.

* * * *

When a ſtorm drives me to ſhelter me under a tree, I find that if the ſtorm be little, the tree defends me; but if the ſtorm be great, the tree not only not defends me, but poureth on me that wet which

which itſelf had received, and ſo maketh me much wetter; hence inſtructed, I reſolve that if improvidently I fall into ſome ſmall danger of the laws, I will preſume to ſeek ſhelter in the arms of ſome potent friend; but if the tempeſt of my trouble be too potent for my friend, I will rather bear all myſelf than involve my friend in the danger. It would be bad enough for me to be drenched with or diſtreſſed by the ſtorm of the law's anger only; it would be worſe to be drowned with the anger of my ſtorming friend alſo. The conſciousneſs of my ill deſerving towards the laws would inforce a patience; The remembrance of my well deſerving to my friend would make the juſt addition of his anger intolerable.

Content

Content is the mark we all aim at; the chief good and top of felicity; to which all men's actions ſtrive to aſcend: But it is ſolely proper to God's wiſdom, to ingroſs all true content into his own hand, that he may diſpenſe it ſuitably to his ſaints, and cauſe all men to ſeek it from him alone: Hence it is that a good man in his mean eſtate, enjoys more content in God, than a king or emperor in his earthly glory and magnificence. I will then ſtrive to obtain a portion of content from him who poſſeſſeth the fulneſs thereof: And thus if I have little in eſtate, I ſhall have much in content. Godlineſs ſhall be my great riches, whilſt I am contented with what I have.

As

As in the greater world for man, ſo in the little world of man; as in the outward riches of the one, ſo in the inner treaſures of the other, many poſſeſs much and enjoy but little; many have much and uſe but little; others uſe much, and but little well. I will not ſo much endeavor to have much wherewithal to do, as to do much with that little I have. It ſhall not ſo much grieve me, that I am a poor treaſurer, as joy me if I have been a good ſteward. I could wiſh I had more to uſe well; but more wiſh well to uſe that I have. If he were ſo blamed that employed not one talent well; what would become of me, if I had ten and abuſed them?

* * * *

Popular

Popular applauſe and vulgar opinion, may blow up and mount upward the bubble of a vain glorious mind, till it burſt in the air and vaniſh; but a wiſe man builds his glory on the ſtrong foundation of virtue, without expecting or reſpecting the ſlender props of vulgar opinion. I will not neglect what every one thinks of me; for that were impudent diſſoluteneſs. I will not make it my common care, to hearken how I am cared for of the common ſort, and be over ſolicitous what every one ſpeaks of me; for that were a toilſome vanity. I may do well and hear ill; and that's a kingly happineſs. I may do ill and hear well: and that's a hypocrite's beſt felicity. My actions ſhall make me

harmony

harmony in my heart's inner chamber: I will not borrow the voices of the vulgar to ſweeten my muſic.

* * * *

The rancour of malice is the true nature of the devil, and the ſoul poſſeſſed therewith is his deareſt darling: for where envy, hate, and revenge take up the whole heart, there God hath no room at all left to be in all his thoughts. I may meet a mad man and avoid him; I may move a choleric man, and pacify him; I may croſs a furious drunkard, and ſhun him; but a malicious man is more dangerous, implacable, and inevitable than them all. Malice omits no occaſion

ſion to do miſchief, and if it miſs thy body and ſubſtance, it proſecutes thy ſhadow. "Viſam fera ſævit in umbram." My ſoul come not thou into their ſecrets; unto their aſſembly, mine honour be not thou united. I muſt not turn anger out of my nature, I muſt not turn my nature into anger; I muſt give place to wrath, but not a reſting place: but a place to let it paſs by, that I may let go diſpleaſure. I may give entrance to anger on juſt cauſe, I may not give it entertainment on any cauſe till it ſour with the leaven of malice. I muſt be angry at ſin, but I muſt be angry and ſin not.

* * * *

When I plant a choice flower in a fertile ſoil, I ſee nature preſently to thruſt

thruſt up with it, the ſtinging nettle, the ſtinking hemlock, the drowſy poppy, and many ſuch noiſome weeds which will either choke my plant bv excluding the Sun, or divert its nouriſhment to themſelves ; if I weed but theſe at firſt, my flower thrives to its goodneſs and glory. This is alſo my caſe when I endeavor to plant grace in the fertile ſoil of a good wit : For luxurious nature thruſts up with it either ſtinging wrath, or offenſive wantonneſs, or drowſy ſloth, or ſome other vices which rob my plant of its deſired flouriſhing. But theſe being firſt plucked up, the good wit produceth in its time, the fair flower of virtue I will not therefore think the beſt wits, as they are wits, fitteſt to make the beſt men; but

as they are the beſt purged wits. The ground of their goodneſs is not the goodneſs of their wit's ground, but the good weeding and cleanſing it. I muſt firſt eſchew the evil, ere I can do good; ſupplant vices, ere I can implant virtue.

* * * *

As it is never too ſoon to be good, ſo it is never too late to amend. I will therefore neither neglect the time preſent, nor deſpair of the time paſt. Had I been ſooner good I might perhaps have been better; if I am longer bad, I ſhall (I am ſure) be worſe. That I have ſtaid a long time idle in the market place, deſerves reprehenſion; but if I am late ſent into the vineyard, I have encouragement to work, "I will give unto this laſt as unto thee."

When

When I ſee the huſbandman well contented with the cold of froſt and ſnow in the winter, becauſe, though it chilleth the ground, yet it killeth the charlock; tho' it check the wheat ſomewhat in growing, yet it choketh the weeds from growing at all: Why ſhould I be moved at the winter of affliction? Why vexed at the quaking fit of a quartan ague? Why offended at the cold change of affection in my ſummer friends? If, as they ſeem bitter to my mind or body, they prove healthful to my bettered ſoul. If my wants kill my wantonneſs, my poverty check my pride, my diſreſpected ſlighting quell my ambition and vain glory; and every weed of vice being thus choked

by affliction's winter, my ſoul may grow fruitful for heaven's harveſt; let my winter be bitter, ſo that I be gathered with the good corn at reaping time into the Lord's garner.

* * * *

As oft as I hear the Robin-red-breaſt chant it as cheerfully in September, the beginning of winter, as in March, the approach of ſummer; why ſhould not we, think I, give as cheerful entertainment to the hoary, froſty hairs of our age's winter as to the primroſes of our youth's ſpring? Why not to the declining ſun in adverſity, as (like Perſians) to the riſing ſun of proſperity? I am ſent to the ant, to learn induſtry; to the dove, to learn

learn innocence; to the ſerpent, to learn wiſdom; and why not to this bird to learn equanimity and patience, and to keep the ſame tenor of my mind's quietneſs, as well at the approach of calamity's winter, as of the ſpring of happineſs? And ſince the Roman's conſtancy is ſo commended, who changed not his countenance with his changed fortunes, why ſhould not I with a Chriſtian reſolution, hold a ſteady courſe in all weathers? and though I be forced with croſs winds to ſhift my ſails, and catch at ſide winds; yet ſkilfully to ſteer, and keep on my courſe by the cape of good hope, till I arrive at the haven of eternal happineſs.

The ſame water which being liquid, is penetrated with a horſe-hair, will bear the horſe himſelf when it is hard frozen. I muſe not then that thoſe precepts and threats of God's judgements, enter not into the hardened hearts of ſome old men, frozen by the practice of ſin, which pierce and penetrate deep into the tender hearts and melting conſciences of younger folks, thawed with the warmth of God's fear. Hence I ſee the cauſe why the ſword of the word, ſo ſharp that it ſerveth in ſome to divide the joints and marrow, in others glanceth or reboundeth without dint or wound, from their cryſtal, frozen, and adamantine hearts. I cannot promiſe myſelf to be free from ſin,

ſin, I were then no man: but I will purpoſe in myſelf to be free from hardneſs of heart: by cuſtom and continuance in ſin I may err in my way, I will not perſiſt and go on in my errors, till I cannot return again into my way. I may ſtumble, I may fall, but I will not lie ſtill when I am fallen.

* * * *

When I ſee two game cocks at firſt ſight, without premeditated malice, fight deſperately and furiouſly, the one to maintain the injury offered, the other to revenge the injury received by the firſt blow; and to maintain the quarrel, not only die the pit with their blood, but die in

in the pit with their mutual bloody wounds; methinks I ſee the ſucceſs of thoſe duelliſts of our time who (being ambitious of Achilles' praiſe, "Pelidis juvenis cedere neſcii,") deſperately and furiouſly adventure their lives here, and endanger their ſouls hereafter, only for the vain terms of falſe honour. I will not ſay but that being fleſh and blood, I may be careleſs of my fleſh and blood to revenge injurious indignities offered me: yet, ſince as a tenant my ſoul muſt anſwer her landlord for reparations of the houſe ſhe dwells in, and I have no warrant of God or man for ſuch revenge, I will not kill my own ſoul to kill another man's body. I will not pull the houſe of my body on my ſoul's head in a fury, that God

God may make them both fuel for the fury of hell fire.

* * * *

When I view the heavens declaring the glory of God, and the firmament ſhewing his handy work; and conſider that each little numbered ſtar, even of the ſixth magnitude, containeth the earth's dimenſion eighteen times in bigneſs, by Aſtronomers concluſions; I eaſily deſcend to conſider the great difference of earthly men's glory, and that weight of glory afforded the ſaints in heaven. For what a poor ambition it is to be the chief man in a city; what is a city to a ſhire; what a ſhire to the whole Iſland? what this

this Iſland to the Continent of Europe? what Europe to the whole earth? what this earth to a ſtar? what that ſtar to heaven? and that to the heaven of heavens? and ſo by a retrogradation, how little, how nothing is this poor glory? I find many who ſay, hoc nihil eſt aliquid; I find in myſelf cauſe to ſay, hoc aliquid nihil eſt. If I needs will be ſomebody by my ambition, I will be ambitious to be ranged with the ſaints in heaven, rather than ranked with the kings on earth: ſince the leaſt in the kingdom of heaven is greater than they.

* * * *

I once ſaw a jerfalcon let fly at a heron and obſerved with what clamour the heron

ron entertained the ſight and approach of the hawk; and with what winding ſhifts he ſtrove to get above her, labouring even by muting his enemy's feathers to make her flag winged, and ſo eſcape: But when at laſt they muſt needs come to a neceſſitated encounter, reſuming courage out of neceſſity, he turned face againſt her, and ſtriking the hawk through the gorge with his bill, fell down dead, together with his dead enemy. This fight ſeemed to me like the event of a great ſuit in law; when one truſting to his caſe's potency more than his cauſe's equity, endeavours to diſinherit his ſtubborn neighbour by colourable titles to his land. Here may you hear the clamorous oblo-

quies

quies of the wronged, and ſee the many turnings and winding meanders in the law ſought out to get above his adverſary: and laſtly, when the iſſue muſt come to a trial, oftentimes in the grapple they both ſink to beggary by the law, whilſt lawfully they ſeek to get above each other. Hence warned againſt potent enemies, I will always pray, Lord make me not a prey unto their teeth; and againſt an equal or inferior, I will not borrow the law's extreme right to do him extreme wrong: nor fall to law with any body, till I fall by law to be nobody. I will not do that to have my will, which will undo myſelf of what I have, by my wilfulneſs.

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The

The Pſalmiſt doth not ſlander the ſlanderers, when in a good deſcription of their bad natures, he ſaith, " their throat is an open ſepulchre, &c. the poiſon of aſps is under their lips". For what more loathſome ſtench, and noiſome ſmells can a newly opened ſepulchre emit, than thoſe venomous, open throated ſlanderers? and well may their lips contain the poiſon of aſps, of which Lucan ſaith, "in nulla plus eſt ſerpente veneni", when a few words of theirs ſhall (like a witch's ſpell) charm and ſtrike dead a man's deareſt reputation. I will therefore endeavour to make my actions of that virtue, that as an antidote of Mithridates' beſt confection, they may repel the worſt infection thoſe ſerpents ſhall ſpit at me: and

albeit I cannot be free from their aſſaults, (from which none is freed) yet I will not, with Cleopatra, ſet thoſe aſps ſo near my heart, that they may ſtop my vital ſpirits with their poiſon: and ſince I muſt paſs through this Africa of monſters and harmfull beaſts, I will carefully fear and ſhun the worſt of tame beaſts, the flatterer, and of wild beaſts, the ſlanderer.

* * * *

Meditation is a buſy ſearch in the ſtore-houſe of imagination for ſome ideas of matters to be caſt in the moulds of reſolution, into ſome forms of words or actions: in which ſearch, when I have

have uſed my greateſt diligence, I find this in the concluſion ; that to meditate on the beſt, is the beſt of meditations : and a reſolution to make a good end, is a good end of my reſolutions.

BRITISH
8 OCT 1904
MUSEUM

A MEDITATION OF THE AUTHOR'S, FOUND WRITTEN BEFORE A SERMON OF HIS, FOR EASTER-DAY.

My heart a matter good indites; O then,
Lord, make my tongue a ready writer's pen:
That so assisted by thy grace's art,
Thy grace unto the world I may impart:
So raise my thoughts, my willing mind so bless,
That I thy glorious rising may express.
And rais'd from death of sinful ignorance,
Thy self-advancing power may advance.
And if my simple willingness wants skill,
Thou mad'st me willing; Lord, accept my will.

* * * *

ANOTHER

ANOTHER, WRITTEN BEFORE A SERMON OF HIS, ON THE 51ST PSALM, VER. I.

Lord, guide my tongue, that covets to declare
How great my sins, how good thy mercies are:
I both would show, and yet so great is either,
That whilst I both would show, I can show neither.
They both are infinite; they both began
'Ere I beginning had, or shape of man.
Where then shall I begin, with hope to show
How great both are, who both exceeding know?
Mercy still pardons, sin doth still offend,
And being endless both, where shall I end?
Thou first and last, whose mercies heal my sin,
Show me to end, and teach me to begin.

* * * *

THE LAST PIECE THE AUTHOR WROTE, A FEW DAYS BEFORE HIS DEATH.

I

A bubble broke, its air straight loseth,
By which loss, the bubble's lost;
Each frost the fairest flowers bruiseth,
Whose lives vanish with the frost:
Then wonder not we die, if life be such,
But rather wonder whence it is we live so much.

II.

Tales long or short, whether offending
Or well pleasing, have their end,
The glass runs, yet the set time ending
Ev'ry atom doth descend.
If life be such (as such life is, 'tis sure)
When tales and times find ends, why should life still endure?

III.

This world is but a walk of pain
That has only end by death:

This

This life's a war in which we gain
Conquest by the loss of breath.
Who would not warfare then and travels cease,
To live at home in rest, and rest at home in peace?

IV.

Nothing here but constant pains,
Or inconstant pleasures be:
Worthless treasures, losing gains,
Scanty store, chain'd liberty.
If life afford at best no better fate,
How welcome is that death, which betters that bad state!

V.

What's the earth when trimmest drest,
To that crystal, spangled dwelling?
Yet the Saint in glory least,
Is in glory far excelling.
Glorious Redeemer, let this earth of mine
Thy glorious body see, and in thy glory shine.

VI.

Oft I see the darksome night
To a glorious day returning;
As oft doth sleep entomb my sight,
Yet I wake again at morning.
Bright sun, return, when sleep hath spen
death's night,
That these dim eyes of mine may in thy light
see light.

FINIS.

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